

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY

DECEPTION.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, resided, in the vicinity of Bristol, Mr. Marsden, a gentleman of considerable property and highly respectable connexions. After having long bid defiance to the snares of Cupid, he married, in the decline of life, a lady, who, though many years younger than himself, and possessed of uncommon beauty, was, nevertheless, from want of fortune, happy to embrace the offer of a match, in which, though love could on her part have very little share, there was abundance for the gratification of her vanity. Her husband's fortune, besides raising her to a state of splendour, which she had never before contemplated, enabled her to provide for many relations of her own, who now looked up to her for protection; and finding the want of a companion, she received into the house a young cousin, whom she brought up under her own eye, in the acquisition of all those accomplishments, calculated to give an additional value to the graces of a person, on which nature has bestowed her choicest gifts. The heart and understanding of the young Matilda were not inferior to her beauty: mild, gentle, and unassuming, she was the idol of the domestics and the neighbouring poor; ingenuous, sensible, and well-informed, her conversation was the delight of the numerous circle by whom Mr. Marsden was constantly visited. She was now in her seventeenth year, when the old gentleman received into his house, the son of a younger brother, who, having, in the course of a life of dissipation, involved himself in irretrievable embarrassment, left the young Amintor at his death, with no other prospect of support than that which was derived from the liberality of his uncle. Unfortunately, such an idea accorded but too ill with the prospect of aggrandizement laid down by Mrs. Marsden, in favour of herself and fami-

ly; and, as she had flattered herself with succeeding, on the death of her husband, (which in the course of nature, was an event to be shortly expected), to the possession of his whole property, she could not behold, without jealousy, the attention he was paying to his nephew, whom she looked upon as a dangerous rival in her fondly cherished hope. Too politic, however, to betray such sentiments, she carefully concealed her fears and her dislike, under the mask of the most friendly concern for the young man's interest: she paid the strictest attention to his comforts, contributed in a variety of ways to his pleasures, and charged her dependent cousin to treat him with all possible respect and attention. Such an injunction was, however, very unnecessary: a short residence beneath the same roof gave birth to a mutual passion, which these imprudent young persons attempted not to control, though sensible that the approbation of their friends would be refused to their union.

Mr. Marsden had frequently hinted to Amintor, the necessity of seeking to repair, by marriage, the deficiency of his fortune; and Matilda knew that her cousin was favourable to the addresses of a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who desired to espouse her; but whom, wealth being his only recommendation, she herself regarded with insuperable aversion. The growth of their affection, which a thousand little inadvertencies daily tended to betray, was not unnoticed by Mrs. Marsden; and she would have viewed it with inconceivable pain, had she not perceived in it the means of prejudicing the young Amintor in his uncle's esteem. To this end, she took care to provide herself with sufficient evidence of the secret interviews in which the lovers indulged at every favourable opportunity; then availing herself of the ascendancy, which (as is usually the case where a union is attended by such disparity of age) she possessed over the mind of her husband, she represented the matter to him in such a light, as tended to throw suspicion on Amintor of entertaining views which honour could not sanction. Fired at the indignity he supposed to have been offered to him by such an a-

buse of his hospitality, the old gentleman severely upbraided his nephew, and was but little pacified by the assurance which Amintor readily gave, that he entertained no other intention than that of an honourable connexion with the young lady. The idea of a clandestine correspondence, was, in his opinion, under any circumstances, an unpardonable offence. The views entertained by himself and his lady, both for him and the object of his affections, were, he strongly represented, well known to him to be hostile to the accomplishment of his wishes, and he therefore insisted on his giving him a solemn promise to relinquish the prosecution of what he termed his Quixotic scheme on pain of immediately losing his protection.

Amintor, whose notions of love were, indeed, of the most romantic kind, repelled with scorn an attention to his interest which must be obtained by the sacrifice of his fidelity; he therefore firmly, though respectfully, informed his uncle, that, grateful as he felt for his former favours, and much as it grieved him to relinquish his esteem, he found it impossible to comply with his commands. Then, having received from him a small sum of money, together with letters of introduction to some merchants of respectability, he set out, a few days after, fully determined never more to correspond with persons by whom he imagined he had been so illiberally treated. Previously, however, to leaving that house, he obtained a parting interview with his mistress, in which he assured her that he would persevere in eternal constancy, and that, should fortune prosper his undertakings, he would make it his first object to free her from her dependant situation. He then arranged with her a plan of private correspondence, which an old house-keeper who had long lived in the family, and who professed the utmost devotion to the "dear children," as she termed them, had promised to facilitate, by receiving his letters under cover to herself.

On his arrival in London, the talents of Amintor speedily recommended him to the service, and his zeal and assiduity, to the peculiar esteem of Mr. Elmore an eminent merchant in the city, by whom he was entrusted with the management of some of his important affairs. With all the impatience of youthful, ardent love, the young man hastened to communicate to his mistress the account of his favourable prospects: and, as he had no reason to suspect the fidelity of his agent, was overwhelmed with astonishment when, instead of the ardently expected reply from Matilda, he received a letter from the confidante, in which she informed him, with many expressions of regret for his disappointment, that the young lady had, since his departure, yielding to the rigid treatment to which her cousin's resent-

ment had subjected her, solemnly promised never more to correspond with him; and had, therefore, commissioned her to inform him, that she begged he would refrain from addressing her any more. This was, indeed, a severe trial to Amintor; he had offended a kind relation; he had given up the prospect of fortune, without one moment's regret for the sacrifice; and now that he expected, in full confidence, the reward of his disinterested conduct, in the evidence of her unshaken constancy, great was his indignation at finding himself rejected by her for whom he had done so much. For a long while he was inconsolable; and the idea of Matilda, unworthy as he thought her, still haunted his imagination, still mingled in every act of business or of pleasure. Time, however, the most effectual of all balsams to a bleeding heart, and which, while life's hopes are young, seldom fails to moderate the fiercest grief, wore out the recollection of his misfortune.

He had passed two years in London, without the slightest communication from any person who could apprize him of what was passing in his uncle's family, when one evening at the theatre he found himself in a box, in the front row of which were seated two ladies, in company with a gentleman of their acquaintance. The latter, at the request of his fair friends, had left them for an instant for the purpose of procuring some fruit, when a gentleman in a state of inebriation, entered the box, and taking possession of the vacant seat, addressed himself to the ladies in a style of freedom which they vainly endeavoured to suppress by a remonstrance on its impropriety. Amintor immediately interposed in their defence, and so severely and indignantly reprobated the conduct of the intruder, that he had retired from the box, after demanding Amintor's card, with threats of calling him to account for what he termed his presumption, before the ladies were rejoined by their friend. This gentleman, whose name was Willmore, learning what had passed, thanked Amintor for his gallantry, but insisted that, as the ladies were under his protection, the quarrel was his own, and stated his wish to answer any demand for satisfaction which the boisterous assailant might think proper to make. Amintor would not allow Mr. Willmore to interest himself in the quarrel, further than accompanying him to the ground. Amintor, before he left the house, received a message, in compliance with which, a meeting took place the following morning. The result was unfortunate to the high spirited youth, who was borne off the field wounded, though not so seriously as to cause him any long confinement. As soon as his health permitted him to stir out, Sir Georgu Stanmore, the father of the

young ladies, in whose behalf he had so gallantly exposed himself, and who, on the very first intimation of the circumstance, had hastened to express to him his sense of the obligation, invited him to his house, in order, as he said, that his fair friends might personally return him the thanks he so well deserved.

Sir George Stanmore was a man proud of the advantages of elevated birth, and an intimate acquaintance in the most polished circles; and was slow to acknowledge merit in any who could not boast a long line of illustrious ancestors: it was, therefore, with much satisfaction that he found the "heroic young clerk," as he at first designated Amintor, was the descendant of an ancient and respectable family. He shortly intimated to him, that if he felt an inclination for a military life, his own interest, which in that department he knew to be considerable, should be immediately exerted to procure him a commission, and at all future opportunities, to obtain his advancement in the service. The proposal was by no means disagreeable to Amintor, who, had he consulted only his own inclination, would immediately have embraced the liberal offer of Sir George; but he was withheld by the remonstrances of Mr. Elmore, who expressed the greatest unwillingness to be deprived of his assistance, and held out to him such liberal prospects for the future, as, coupled with the recollection of the favours which the worthy man had already conferred on him, induced him to relinquish the gay phantom of glory which had begun to dazzle his imagination, for the more solid advantages presented by a life of commercial prosperity. The refusal of his proffered friendship, though delivered with all the delicacy which was calculated to render it the less offensive, was highly displeasing to Sir George, who retraced his favourable opinion, and ever entertained a decided contempt for the young man, which all the efforts of politeness could not dissemble on those occasions on which he ventured to repeat his visits. Amintor was by no means insensible to the change, and would no longer have obtruded in a house where his company was unpleasing to its master, had not a powerful inducement drawn him to the spot.

Amelia Stanmore, the eldest daughter of Sir George, was now in her twentieth year. Her person was rather above the middle size, elegantly proportioned; her countenance, in which the slightest emotion called up the blush of sensibility, was formed on the Grecian model; rich ringlets, of the most beautiful auburn, waved gracefully over her high and polished forehead; and there was a liquid lustre in her fine blue eye, which spoke a soul susceptible of every soft impression. Amintor had never before seen a form so

captivating. Matilda was forgotten, or if a thought of her obtruded to cross his devotion to this new charmer, he called to mind her supposed inconstancy, and by it justified his own. The elegant person of her admirer, now in the full glowing bloom of youth and manly beauty, had no less effect upon the heart of Amelia. The moment seized by the enamoured youth for the declaration of his love, was to her one of exquisite delight. Above the vain affectation of her sex, she candidly acknowledged a reciprocal affection, and although she had been made the confidant of her father's dislike to Amintor, she preferred obeying the dictates of love to those of prudence. In spite of the lynx-eyed vigilance of a parent, the lovers contrived to keep up a correspondence, unobserved, and even unsuspected, until their affection became so ardent, that they mutually promised to be united by a private marriage, should they not succeed in softening the asperity of Sir George.

Meanwhile, the business of Mr. Elmore, requiring that some one should immediately pay a visit to Bristol, he requested Amintor to undertake the journey, to which, as it was only to detain him for a short time, he readily consented. A few hours being all that were allowed him to prepare for his departure, he flew to Amelia, to whom he imparted the circumstances which called him from her, and from whom he parted with vows of constancy as ardent as those with which he had left Matilda; assuring her that the moment he could so arrange his business that it should not suffer by his absence, he would return secretly to London and claim the performance of her promise; and pointed out a mode by which she might privately correspond with him, and which she promised she would not neglect.

Painful were the feelings of Amintor, during his journey. He was now returning to a spot, from which an unhappy attachment had banished him; and leaving in that to which he had fled for refuge, one no less inauspicious. He, however, resolved to confine himself to the town; never to renew his intimacy at his uncle's, and not to ask a question about Matilda. His whole soul was now Amelia Stanmore's; and to her alone he resolved his future life should be devoted. He had been about a fortnight in Bristol, when he met with Mrs. Marsden in the street. However small his inclination to view this lady with the eye of friendship, politeness would not suffer him to pass her wholly unnoticed. In return for his salute, she stopped to converse with him; and, on learning his present circumstances, assumed an unexpected tone of friendship, and so pressing invited him to visit her when his business would allow him leisure, that he was unable to resist, in spite of all the reso-

lutions he had formed to avoid the possibility of an interview with Matilda.

In a few days after, he complied with this invitation. The reception he met with from Mr. Marsden, whose feelings were regulated only by the vacillating humours of his lady, was perfectly friendly. Matilda, while expressing her real satisfaction at their meeting once more, addressed him with an air of embarrassment; this he attributed to shame for her former neglect; with which, he failed not, when an opportunity presented itself, most seriously to reproach her. Far, however, from acknowledging the justice of his complaints, Matilda retorted on him the charge of indifference; assured him that she had persevered in her attachment to him; that she had invariably resisted many efforts which had been made to oblige her to yield to the importunities of his rival, who, tired out with her obstinacy, had long desisted from tormenting her, and was then on the point of marriage with the daughter of a wealthy farmer, who had listened more favourably to his suit: that she had, in defiance of the most rigid treatment, and the most terrifying menaces, repeatedly written to him, delivering her letters to the old housekeeper, who solemnly assured her of having forwarded them, and of never having received the looked-for answers. The treachery of the wretch was evident; she was unable, when questioned, to deny that she had betrayed them to her mistress, and regularly delivered to her all the letters which she had received from either; and that it was by her direction, and at the instigation of a bribe, that she had asserted to Amintor the fatal falsehood which had so cruelly embittered his peace. The indignant youth would have overwhelmed her with curses, but was withheld by the remonstrances of Matilda, who dreaded the occurrence of any thing which could again draw the attention of her relation to a subject which had been made a reason for so much harsh treatment as she had formerly endured. These fears, however, were groundless; a revolution had taken place in the sentiments of Mrs. Marsden. That lady, who made no scruple of sacrificing the character of consistency to her notions of interest, now looked upon the affair in quite a different light. She saw the hopes of a match between her protégée and their wealthy neighbour, terminated by the change in that gentleman's inclination; she considered the prospect of wealth which Amintor's present situation opened to him, as placing him on equality with any suitor by whom the hand of Matilda was likely to be sought. Matilda must receive a marriage portion; and should any circumstance, as was extremely probable, have occurred to make up the breach between Amintor and his uncle, she

was still in danger of losing a portion of her expected wealth. She had, besides, been much censured by the world for having been the means of depriving the young man of Mr. Marsden's esteem; she therefore chose to exert herself in healing the dissensions she had herself caused, and was now as anxious to promote what she considered must still be the object of Amintor's wish, as she had formerly been to prevent it. She, therefore, took an opportunity of making some apologies to him for her former behaviour; and told him, that the hand of Matilda, with a portion of five thousand pounds was now at his disposal. Conceiving that she had overwhelmed him with delight, she soon left him, but in a state of mind very different to that which she imagined.

The recent explanation had shewn that Matilda was innocent, nay, that what she had endured for his sake demanded his warmest gratitude: on what grounds could he then reject her, now that every obstacle was removed? But then the beautiful, the affectionate Amelia; could he desert one whose every hope of happiness centered in him? To define the state of his thoughts, would have been impossible even to himself. To both these amiable girls was he equally pledged; and to which ever party he should do justice, he felt that he must break the heart of the other. Irresolute, however, how to act, he suffered the information of the intended marriage to be that evening conveyed to Matilda, without the power of making any opposition, and listened in stupid silence to the arrangements which were made for the celebration of it in the course of the ensuing week. On his return to his lodgings, he found a letter awaiting him; it was from Amelia. Alas! how different were the emotions aroused by the sight of that well-known hand from those with which he had formerly viewed it. It was filled with sentiments of the most tender regard, sentiments which he had himself drawn from her by an impatient expression of his fears that she would forget him; and in terms, more glowing, perhaps, than some over rigid advocates for female decorum would approve, but which Amintor knew to be the warm effusions of an innocent and devoted heart, declared she entertained no thought of happiness in which he had not a share. Frantic at the thoughts of the injury he was about to inflict upon her, Amintor resolved to invent some excuse, though as yet he knew not what, to put off the intended nuptials; and answered the letter in a style of corresponding tenderness. The pressing demands on his time made by his necessary employment, absolutely prevented him from immediately re-visiting his uncle's house. When he went thither, it was with the purpose of revealing his situa-

tion to the old gentleman, and asking his advice; but alas! every preparation for the fatal wedding had been made: the day on which he had himself agreed it should take place, had arrived. A numerous party had assembled, and many were the congratulations he received on his imagined happiness. It was too late to recede: he was unable to attempt it. The marriage ceremony was performed; the bells rang forth a merry peal; mirth and festivity prevailed among the gay circle of their visitors; and the numerous tenants of Mr. Marsden, whose rank would not permit them to assemble at the splendid board, celebrated with rustic merriment and unfeigned delight, the union of two persons whom all esteemed, whom all knew to have suffered so much for each other, and whom they considered now fated to revel in bliss unchangeable.

The delight of Matilda was unbounded at thus finding herself united to the object of her first, her undeviating attachment. But, alas! while every face around him beamed with joy, how wretched was the heart of Amintor! yet he smoothed his brow, and joined, in appearance, in the general mirth. A fortnight elapsed: no letter arrived from Matilda. He was astonished; for he had expected that she would have overwhelmed him with reproaches, when she should learn, as soon as he knew she must, that he had deserted her. The dreadful calm was at length broken. He received a letter from London: the seal was black; the impression, the arms of the Stanmore family; the writing was not Amelia's. With tremulous anxiety he tore it open. The contents were as follows:—

“Sir,—In addressing you, I am charged with the execution of the most opposite commissions,—to express to you the indignation of a father, whom your perfidy has rendered childless; and the forgiveness of a sister, on whose too confiding, gentle nature you imposed, whom you seduced from her duty, and on whom, with unprecedented barbarity, you have inflicted a base, a torturing, a mortal wound—Amelia Stanmore is dead! Ten days ago, she read, in a public paper, an account of your marriage, and immediately fell senseless on the floor. All present, among whom was Sir George and myself, astonished at the accident, hastened to her relief. The mystery was but too soon elucidated. In removing a part of her dress to afford her the necessary assistance, your letter, sir, your last letter to that injured excellence, was found, closely pressed to that heart which had become too sincerely yours, and which you ungratefully had given up a prey to disappointment and despair. The fury of Sir George was unbounded, and as soon as my unhappy sister regained her senses, would have burst in execrations on her

head, had I not on my knees entreated him to spare her, at least, till she should have recovered from the shock her feelings had sustained. Alas! that time never arrived. She was conveyed to bed, where, speechless, motionless, tearless, she lay for several days insensible to every attempt to restore her. The first intimation she gave of returning sensation, was a search for the letter which I have mentioned. When she found she had been deprived of it, she fixed her eyes on mine with a gaze most painfully intense; then, as if suspended recollection had rushed in an instant on her mind, she burst into a flood of tears. Presently seizing my hand, she exclaimed, ‘Write to him, Clarinda; tell him he has murdered me; but do not curse him;—tell him, I forgive him.’ The unhappy girl never spoke more, and in a few minutes after expired. I have complied with the injunctions of this dying saint, in conveying to you her last words. I spare the comments on your conduct which my father has ordered me to make; the reflections which will accompany you through life upon this unhappy event, will be sufficient punishment.”

When Amintor had read this fatal communication, he sunk into a state of lethargy almost as profound as that into which his injured Amelia had been plunged. For some hours, he was insensible to every thing around him; then starting wildly, he rushed into his chamber. A case of loaded pistols was lying on the table. He snatched up one of the fatal instruments; he gazed around him with frantic desperation; he thought himself a monster, a blot in the creation. “Thus, thus, alone,” cried he, “poor, dear, injured innocence, can I atone for the wrongs I have done thee!” He pressed the murderous trigger; the contents of the weapon penetrated his heart, and in an instant the rash youth passed into a dreadful eternity. Matilda, the poor unconscious Matilda, revelling in the hope of years of future bliss, had just returned from a walk with one of the most intimate of her female acquaintance. She had been pouring forth her thanks to Providence, for the bliss with which she imagined now her future life was to be crowned. The report of the pistol was heard: alarmed, they rushed up stairs. Heavens, what a sight! Amintor, lifeless, bathed in blood, lay extended on the floor. Matilda saw; she shrieked, and sunk senseless on the inanimate body of her husband. Never since has the light of reason revisited her brain; years have passed away, and time has triumphed over her once glowing charms; but alas! the fatal scene is ever present to her imagination; and often has the relator of this tale shed tears of pity, on hearing her wild and incoherent ravings.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NESSERIÉ.

No 1.

THE Nesserié, known in Europe by the name of Ansari, are a people inhabiting the chain of mountains which bounds on the East the territory of Latakia, and are divided into four sects or classes—viz. the Chemsie, or worshippers of the Sun; Clissie, worshippers of the Moon; Ghaibie, who adore God the creator, absent and unknown; and Cheme-lie, who do not recognise any divinity.

The young men are not initiated into the mysteries of their religion till after they have completed their fifteenth year. When they are presumed to have sufficient prudence and understanding, one of the principal persons of the village takes charge of the Neophyte, conducts him alone into the mountains, and instructs him for forty days; at the expiration of which time the young man returns to his parents, and has a right to assume the turban, which he was not allowed to wear before: this is the sign of his initiation. Henceforward he speaks of the person who has instructed him only by the name of master. The women are considered as a part of the domestic animals of the house, and treated as slaves. They have no idea of religion; and when they are bold enough to inquire of their *masters* concerning it, the latter answer them that their religion is to be charged with the reproduction of the species, and to be subject to the will of their husbands.

During the first or the second holiday of Couzeli, the men assemble mysteriously by night in the house of the Sheik of the village: no stranger is admitted; even their wives are excluded. They sit with their legs crossed round a large earthen vessel filled with wine, into which they throw little branches of olive. They light several tapers (always an odd number,) which they place round the vessel. After the Sheik has recited his prayer and blessed the wine, he gives all the members of the assembly, in turn, some to drink; and it is said (for nobody can positively affirm it) that, to conclude the ceremony, they put out the lights, introduce all the married women of the village, without distinction of rank or age, (only the virgins and the young men not initiated are excepted;) and that each seizes the first that comes in his way, were it his mother, his sister, or his daughter.

The Nesserié have no sacred books. They are forbidden to write or to note down the fundamental points of their religion; they

are made acquainted with them, as has been observed above, only by initiation and by verbal instruction. They know each other, like the Freemasons, by certain signs; take an oath never to divulge the mysteries of their worship; and in fact resist, with the most heroic firmness, the most dreadful tortures and the most tempting offers. There has never yet been an instance of the apostasy of a Nesserié, and no discovery has ever been extorted from them, whatever means the Turks have employed to obtain it. They sometimes receive among them persons of another faith, but they are not initiated till after long and severe trials, which cannot be of shorter duration than three years; and they are watched throughout their lives, to be sacrificed on the slightest indiscretion of which they may be guilty. What is still more extraordinary and worthy of remark is, that those strangers are often more fanatical than the Nesserié themselves, and are, at the least, as scrupulously attached to the inviolability of their oath.

An instance of this kind is spoken of, that happened at Latakia, and of the truth of which I have been assured by several respectable persons. A governor of that city, very desirous of penetrating into the mysteries of a worship so faithfully kept secret, after having had a great many of the Nesserie put to death, without being able to extort their secret from them, was so struck with this invincible firmness, that he commissioned a man of great courage and understanding, in whom he had confidence, to go to the mountain of the Nesserié, to fix himself there under some pretext, and to spare nothing to get himself initiated into their mysteries, which he should then come and reveal to him, promising him, in case of success, a large reward. The Turk went accordingly on his mission; after undergoing for five years all sorts of trials, he adopted the religion of the Nesserié, and returned to Latakia, to sell his property and take his family to the mountain. His friend the governor, hearing of his arrival, sent for him, and eagerly asked if he had succeeded in fulfilling the object of his mission—if he was at length one of the Nesserié? But what was his surprise, when the Turk, replying in the affirmative, added, that he could not and would not comply with his wishes, by disclosing his profession of faith, such a compliance being expressly forbidden by the new religion which he had just embraced! The governor, equally astonished at this refusal, and urged by the greatest curiosity, in vain had recourse alternately to entreaties and menaces, to anger and supplications; at length, seeing that nothing could shake the firmness of the unfortunate Turk, foaming with rage, he plunged his dagger into his heart.

The Nesserie are circumcised, perform their ablutions like the Turks, and pray at midnight and before sunset; they may say their prayers either sitting, standing, or walking; but they are obliged to begin again, repeating their ablution, if they speak to a person not of their religion,—if they perceive, either near or at a distance, a camel, a pig, a hare, or a negro. In their prayers they curse the man who shaves below the chin; him who is impotent; and the two Caliphs, Omar and Abou-Bekr; though, before the Turks, they pretend to be Mahometans. They drink wine and brandy, but by stealth; not being able to celebrate their fêtes without wine, they employ, when they have none, a decoction of dried grapes, to which they give at least the colour of wine, if they cannot entirely give it the taste.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

PUNCH'S OPERA.

No. I.

OF all the dramatic entertainments from the Italian opera, which is the first, to a nobleman's tragedy, performed by amateur gentlemen, which is the last—Punch's Opera is decidedly at once the most intellectual, the most profitable, and the most amusing. There is no public representation half so inviting. It combines in itself all the charms that can be presented by each of these various enjoyments; and, like a rich bouquet, adds all the graces of elegant arrangement and combination, to the delightful beauties with which it is so lavishly stored. It is at once a concrete essence of excitement and joy, and is the only perfect drama in the world. Young and old, wise and learned, rich and poor, busy and idle, all bow to Punch; occupations and amusements are alike suspended and laid aside at his bidding; men forget their pains, their loves, their debts, their sorrows, and their duties, whenever his attractions are displayed; and all gather, in silence and in joy, to listen to the soul-stirring sounds which issue from the enchanter's wooden lips.

Punch is the greatest philosopher the world ever produced; he is the real Democritus, the wise scoffer at the world and its pleasures, for which he shows his contempt by the proud disdain with which he abuses them. He is too wise to burthen his disciples with idle precepts; but his glowing example teaches more than 'all saint, sage, or

sophist, ever writ.' He is the great original from which the Don Juans, and all the other 'gay bold-faced villains,' have been so feebly copied; and he is the great teacher who instructs us that

'Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name.'

He goes to battle, makes love, commits murder and robbery, drinks, lies, cheats, and fights, with as much coolness and self-satisfaction as a puritan; and does all these things in such a way as shows that there can be nothing wrong in these things, which the world have very absurdly agreed to call crimes. There are, it is true, prejudices against some men who commit them, but the fault is in the individual; there must be something disgusting in the persons, not in the deeds; for when Punch handles his quarter-staff with that inimitable grace and unerring dexterity which are so peculiar to him, and beats out the brains of a creditor, or a bailiff, or a friend, who does not laugh till his sides ache? who even thinks that beating out brains is, *per se*, wrong? who does not, on the contrary, applaud with all his heart the animated hero who thus overcomes the difficulties which so vainly beset him?

Next to his virtue, Punch's face is the object of my warm admiration; the mild and unchangeable serenity of his countenance is beyond all expression beautiful; whatever may be the business of his soul, however stormy the passions which impel him, still the same calm and placid features look smilingly down, and like a sun-beam in a storm, gild the mighty havoc which has been made.

The adventures of his life are in the highest degree romantic and beautiful. A French critic, who seeks to overturn the taste for the style romantique, and would bring back such of his ill-judging countrymen as are inclined to prefer it, to the frigid practice of classic schools, instances the immortal Punch as the best example of the truth and beauty of the strict rules. The scope and variety of his achievements are completely understood, yet he is bound down by the fetters of the unities. The time and place, even of the action, entirely suffice for his drama, filled as it is with incident. Passion and energy breathe in its every portion; and still the narrow bounds in which he moves are wide enough for his elastic spirit. How ingeniously and how beautifully are his adventures contrasted, at the same time that they appear to spring up in the most natural order. In the beginning we hear preparations for his entrance, which let us into the secret of his domestic affairs, and of his character, before he makes his personal appearance. The ragged old gentleman who stands outside, and with whom Punch keeps up the most

amusing dialogue, calls for him loudly, and our hero, leaping from his couch like a young lark, pours forth the exultation of his heart in a strain of joyous melody. Then the elderly dragoman, looking anxiously at the business of the toilet, which though it is hidden from the other spectators, is seen by him, asks Punch why he puts on his waistcoat before his shirt; 'because,' replies the gallant youth, 'I have got no shirt.' Touching simplicity! This is in the spirit of that true poetry, which, as lord Bacon says, comes 'home to men's business and bosoms.'

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF MARY ASTELL.

THIS very great ornament of her sex and country was born at Newcastle upon Tyne about the year 1668, and was the daughter of Mr. Astell, merchant in that place. She was very genteelly educated, having been instructed in all the languages then usually learned by ladies in her station, and though she proceeded no farther, at that time, than the French tongue, yet afterwards, she became acquainted with Latin, and having a piercing wit, a solid judgment, and tenacious memory, she made herself perfect mistress of every thing she attempted to learn, with extraordinary facility. Her remarkable abilities and great propensity to learning, being observed by her uncle, who was a clergyman, he generously offered to be her preceptor, and under his tuition she made a considerable progress in philosophy, mathematics, logic, &c.

In the 20th year of her age, she left Newcastle and came to London, where, and at Chelsea, she spent the remainder of her life. She now prosecuted her studies, with uncommon assiduity, and became perfect mistress of the above sciences. The great learning which she had attained, together with her natural benevolence, made her observe and lament the general want of knowledge in her sex, which she justly observed, was the chief cause of all those follies and inconveniences into which they too often fell. Accordingly she employed her pen for their instruction, and produced some treatises for the use of ladies. She also wrote some religious tracts, and in 1700, produced a book, called "Reflections on Marriage," in which it was thought she carried her arguments, with regard to the *birthrights* and *privileges* of her sex, a little too far. In this treatise she discovered too much warmth, but the motive was, her having been disappointed in a marriage contract with an eminent clergyman. Finding

that this composition did not give general satisfaction, she published a second edition with a long preface. She always endeavoured to conceal her name, but her writings would not suffer her to remain in obscurity. She soon acquired a complete knowledge of all the classic authors. Though she had many antagonists, she had abilities enough to confute them. She was easy and affable to all, but exceedingly severe to herself, as she constantly observed the most rigid abstinence. She would live like a hermit for a considerable time, on a crust of bread and water, with a little small beer. And at her highest time of living (when she was at home,) she would very rarely eat any dinner till night, and then it was with the strictest rules of temperance. She seemed to enjoy an uninterrupted state of health, till within a few years of her death; when, having had one of her breasts cut off, it so much impaired her constitution, that she did not long survive it. This was for a cancer which she had concealed with so much secrecy, that not even her most intimate friends knew any thing of it. She always dressed and managed it herself, but finding amputation was absolutely necessary, she went to a surgeon with only one attendant, and requested him to cut it off in the most private manner. She would hardly suffer him to have those persons in the room who were necessary to assist him in the operation. She would not have her arms bound, but submitted to the knife with uncommon resolution—without even a struggle or a groan!—She died May 11, 1731.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

Is there any virtue in the *mineral rod*, or *VIRGULA DIVINATORIA*, for discovering precious metals in the ore, hidden treasures, water, and other things contained in the strata of the earth?

The report on this question was substantially in the ensuing terms:—As far as the country to the northward and eastward of New Spain and its dependencies has been explored, there are, with the exception of the auriferous region of North Carolina, few and scanty vestiges of the precious metals. But, by the kindness of the soil, and the industry of the inhabitants, this scarcity of gold and silver is more than compensated. In exchange for the articles procured by the labour of our United States in agriculture

arts, and manufactures, the most valuable products of the Spanish mines are brought from their respective localities where they abound, to circulate among the *Fredes*: thus, without the trouble or tyranny of mining, and exempt from the despotism and slavery incidental to that business, a sufficiency of the two metals most in demand, is obtained for the purposes of ornament, furniture, and money. This situation of our people has been justly considered as conducing in no small degree to their happiness.

There are not wanting persons who think the *Fredonian* section of North America, contains a due proportion of gold and silver concealed in the deposits of ore. These concealments of nature, they know no mortal has been fortunate or skilful enough to discover, and many of them think it a shame and a hardship that invaluable gifts of the Creator, should lie dormant among the rocks or sands, instead of being brought into action, for augmenting the mass of property and power.

There are others who believe that during the wars, which have from time to time afflicted the country since its settlement by the whites, a great quantity of precious coin and bullion, as well as of gems and choice stones, have been buried in the ground. The individuals who deposited these treasures being dead, strenuous attempts are made by the present race, to find and disinter them. They who have faith in these hidden stores, and they are to this day not a few, ascribe much of their amount to Captain Kidd, who certainly visited as an acquaintance, one of the former proprietors of Gardiner's Island, and who was afterwards, as reported at large in the English State-trials, put to death by sentence of the law for piracy and murder. This famous navigator is extolled for having concealed, on the shores of Long-island and the adjacent main, many chests and pots of the glittering spoil he acquired by robbery at sea and land. There, they are persuaded, much of it remains to the present moment, waiting to reward the enterprise of those who shall find and raise it. Thus, it seems that the imagined prospects of discovering silver and gold in their native mines, as well as in the forms of concealed coin, plate, and ingots, has excited the cupidity of many men among us for several generations.

[Here the entertainer related what he had himself seen of laborious excavations made by night, for finding buried money at Cow-neck in Queen's County, and old Ferry-point in Westchester County, N. Y.; also on the island in Hudson River near Coeyman's; and on the bank of Rahway river, near Bridgetown, New-Jersey. He stated too, in strong and descriptive terms, the particulars of an application made to him in solemn form, by a special mission, not long since, to manufacture a powerful mineral rod, for detecting the invaluable and imperishable monies and things deposited by Capt. Kidd, at Egg-harbour, New-Jersey, and which the communicators said they were positively assured lay within a certain five-acre lot of land, but too deeply entombed to warrant them in the manual operation by spade and shovel to undertake the finding, as much as ten or twelve feet or more, below the surface.]

To discover where the supposed treasure is, whether in a natural or artificial state, the searchers, beside the use of the rod, pretend to possess traditionary stories, to have received monitions by dreams thrice occurring, to have a knowledge of certain inscriptions upon rocks or marks upon ancient trees, directing to the objects of their future wealth. But their firmest reliance, or rather their last resort, is in the alleged efficacy of the Mineral Rod. This instrument when properly employed, is affirmed to be so strongly attracted by the precious metals, as to be capable of leading the person who holds it directly to the spot where they lie in concealment. Some really believe in its power, while others employ it as an engine of imposture, to cheat their avaricious and credulous neighbours.

A mineral rod is generally the forked and flexible twig of a tree. The branch is cut off within a few inches of the bifurcation; and the two prongs after being nicely trimmed, also cut off at the distance of about eighteen inches or two feet from the crotch. The wood must be sufficiently grown to possess a good share of elasticity, so that when duly bent and put upon the strain, it may exert a considerable spring in the hands of him who wields it. On the particular skill and slight of bending, crooking and humouring this forked and crotched stick, depends

all the strange and peculiar qualities ascribed to it.

Apple-tree, willow, witch-hazel, and some other kinds of wood have been occasionally used for making mineral rods. An account of these has been given so much in detail, in Tilloch's philosophical magazine, that there is no need of making a repetition. But some of our American explorers have introduced the use of whalebone, which they consider a great improvement. A mineral rod of whalebone is made of two pieces of that material, from eighteen to twenty-four inches long, nicely shaped and polished, and near whose junction at one extremity, a knobbed mass of lead or other heavy metal-line substance is fixed, and the whole bound firmly together by a strong waxed thread. The string must be wound on so thick and close that nothing within it can be discerned. Herein they pretend that ingredients of singular efficacy are combined and adjusted; one of the most powerful of which is quicksilver, which some of the knowing ones distinguish and dignify by the name of *argent-vive*.

One of these operators, a man of pre-eminent qualifications in this business, offered himself for the purpose of removing all doubts, and curing sceptics of their unbelief. His rod was constructed of stout and springing whalebone, loaded at the combined or united end with lead, and as was insinuated with mercury too; but all so nicely inclosed and coated round about, that the mysterious part could not be distinguished through the covering. From such a construction it became instantly evident, that when bent and strained according to usage in the performer's hands, through the bare and elastic handles or prongs, the loaded extremity would be agitated as if under a strong impulse or vibration from some external agent. By this curious property, it is admirably calculated to make an impression upon prepossessed and credulous minds. Yet a very short acquaintance with it, will teach the practiser that all the motions of the loaded and pointing extremity, are derived from the hands of the operator through the medium of the elastic handles, and possess not the smallest connexion with any body of attractive materials in the neighbourhood. To render the subject additionally mystical, it is affirmed that the

rod will not be efficacious, unless wielded by a person who has an extraordinary power, or gift for its due exercise. It will not work truly in the hands of a common man, nor in the hands of any man that is ungifted. But in the hands of the seventh son of a seventh son generally does wonders.

The offer of this proficient to make an experiment was accepted. He declared his art extended far enough to enable him to find precious metals by a prompt and direct process with his whalebone rod. Accordingly, a parcel of silver dollars and plate were collected, until he declared the quantity to be sufficient for his purpose; quite enough to exert a sensible effect upon his instrument. Both himself and his companion were then dismissed for a few moments, and removed quite out of sight. During their absence the silver was concealed in a place distant only a few feet. They were then called back, and he was invited to proceed, after having been told that the treasure had been hid within certain indicated limits, within which he was requested to find it. He began to search by putting his body in a peculiar and somewhat strained attitude. He then raised his rod, and bent its handles or prongs so far, as to make the loaded or indicating extremity, *draw or pull hard*, as the term is. He turned various ways to ascertain the direction in which it worked upon the rod. He seemed to be deeply engaged in thought, and wholly abstracted from other attentions. He even appeared to labour smartly, as was judged from the sweat which broke out upon his face. At length after trying all points of the compass, he pronounced that he felt the attraction of the rod by the silver. Being very sensible of the way that it drew, he followed its guidance. At last he pointed to a precise spot indicated by the rod, and said the dollars, spoons, &c. were there.

But he was infinitely wrong in his indication. The silver at that moment actually lay concealed, in an almost opposite direction from that signified by the rod. To convince him of his error, the parcel was produced before his eyes. He was considerably disconcerted; but after making excuses about the possible operation of other collections of concealed metals, &c. professed a desire to try again. He was gratified (or rather mortified) twice more. And, on both

occasions, though he was correctly and positively told that the articles were concealed within a defined space, and that quite a circumscribed one, he mistook the direction, and was not right in either case.

By this time his powers were sufficiently exhausted for quitting; and so was the patience of the beholders. Still he persisted in the infallibility of his art; and as he departed, declared that though he had failed to find the silver, that very failure was a full proof of the rod's efficacy; for by the various drawings and workings of it, he plainly felt there were more metallic substances thereabout, than those he had undertaken to find. He pointed to the gilded frame of the looking-glass, and to a pair of golden sleeve-buttons as perplexing his operation exceedingly. These latter substances caused great uncertainty in the rod's direction, making it waver and tremble; and, in short, by counter-attraction and counter-influence marring the result. But, by taking more time and another opportunity, he would detect every one of the separate parcels, which thus by their diversified and distracting powers disturbed the true polarity of the instrument. Gold, he said, was vastly more attractive than silver; or, in other words, a small quantity of the former would outdraw a large mass of the latter. Having thus apologised for his want of success, the citizen went away, and nothing has been heard either of him or his mineral rod since.

It was concluded on the whole, however specious the evidence might be in some cases yet the operations of the mineral rod were curious examples of deception, and unworthy of any solid reliance, notwithstanding the bold assertions of cunning intruders and their weak proselytes. Nor did the evidence, the report continued, warrant the conviction that the mineral rod was endowed with the property, in the hands of any person whatever, to discover water in deep subterraneous recesses, especially brine or salt water. This had, indeed, been averred; and the belief matured into a practical art, called *Bletonism*, from its inventor and promulgator. In the region west of the Alleghany Mountains, more especially on the south east side (or left bank) of the Ohio River, it is said, there are many practisers and more believers in Bletonism, than in any other district of our country. This naturally enough

arises, from the scarcity of good and wholesome fresh water in many districts, and from the value and importance of the springs and wells containing culinary or table salt, in all the towns and counties there. Where the two sorts of water are objects of such consequence, in a flat country, remote from the ocean, and underlaid to great depth by solid rock, (and that frequently calcarious carbonate abounding in organic remains,) it is not wonderful that all manner of expedients should be tried for finding the invaluable fluid.

Bletonism, and its mineral rod, have been put in requisition. Water has often been discovered beneath the soil where the conjurer carried his cunning apparatus; and because water, sometimes portable, and sometimes saline, has been found by penetrating the spot of earth, over which the grand detector had displayed his apparatus, it was decided that as water is passing naturally through the veins and declivities of the globe, and resting in the reservoirs and cavities of its strata, there was no need of this contrivance and trumpery to ascertain its presence. A tolerable judgment could be formed from geographical, topographical, and geological observations, independent of this *tricky device*, and incomparably preferable. In the hands of an astute manager, the inferences deduced from the observation of natural appearances, were easily transferred to the rod; and the water presenting itself at the profundity of several hundred feet considered as indicated by the rod, though it would as readily and copiously have yielded its liquid store, if no aquatic or bletonic explorer had ever presented himself.

This was considered as a branch of the subject worthy of special consideration, like the former. There were so many incidents, and coincidences, and circumstances, and collaterals, and contingencies, that in the mingled and perplexed state of the testimony there was nothing to convince the judgment, nor even to solicit credence: whereupon, while it was conceded that our western brethren had often found water by perforating the crust of our planet to the requisite descent, there was no necessary connexion between the bletonist and the water.

An ointment composed of the leaves of the deadly nightshade, (*atropa bella-donna*) is found to have a powerful influence over that most painful disease the *tic doloireux*.

Fire-Engine.—A new fire-engine has been invented at Berne, by a mechanic of the name of Schenk, which possesses much greater power, and is worked with much greater facility, than any former machine of the same description. Its force is so extraordinary, that the column of water which it sends out will, at the distance of 100 feet, easily break up the pavement of the street, untile the houses, and demolish their masonry up to the second-floor.

THE GRACES.

THE WIDOW OF EPHEBUS.

THE story of this extraordinary woman is as follows, taken from an old book in obsolete French:—It was the custom of that age whenever a malefactor was hanged, to expose his body for several days on the gibbet, as an impressive example; and to prevent its being stolen, which relations, on such occasions, were generally eager to do, that they might bury a sight so reproachful to their families; a sentinel was placed on the spot during the night. It happened, that on the very day of the interment before mentioned, a robber had been executed, and at no great distance from the widow's subterranean apartment. The midnight hour approached, and in that severe season of the year, when most men would prefer a fireside, and a jovial board, to a nipping frost, and the keeping watch over an executed criminal. The soldier on duty was a vigorous well formed young man, of creditable birth, and decent education; of the thousands of unhappy individuals who form the armies of modern Europe, a common instance, who, by entering the service in a moment of levity, intoxication, or disappointed love, had, by rash steps laid a lasting foundation of vain repentance for the rest of his life. Imagining that in such a night there would be little danger of surprise, and finding that he could not keep himself warm by motion, he resolved to retire a few minutes from his post, for the purpose of procuring an additional garment, and a cordial draught to warm his stomach. Perceiving a light to issue from the door of the vault, he knocks, and on being questioned who he is, and whence he came, briefly relates his story, adds that he is almost frozen to death, and begs admission and a little refreshment. After some delay, with mutual injunctions and promises of good behaviour, the door is opened, and a cup of wine revives the soldier's spirits. He looks around him with astonishment, sees, with surprise, a lovely female immured in the cavern of death; he swallows a second glass, and as love and

good liquor render most men eloquent, makes several fruitless attempts to enter into conversation. The widow answers with great reluctance, but at length gives him to understand, that she had firmly resolved to live and die with the corpse of her husband. He will not at first believe what he hears; expatiates on the folly of a young and beautiful woman burying herself alive; and insists, that the best tribute she can pay to the knight's memory would be to return, without delay, to society, and spend the income he had generously left her, in acts of charity and benevolence, rather than thus unreasonably devote herself to sackcloth and ashes for life. After gently chiding him for having introduced a subject on which she had irrevocably made up her mind, she repents having admitted the stranger, and presses him instantly to leave her. He professes great concern that this advice should give offence, thanks her in a graceful manner for her hospitality, and hurries back to see that the body is safe; but in his absence, the brother of the person who had undergone the sentence of the law, watched his opportunity, and conveyed it away. Terrified at the circumstance, and convinced that death or severe punishment would be the certain consequence of having quitted his post, the sentinel seeks in vain for that which was lost, and, in the unceasing restlessness of vexation, wanders, without exactly knowing why, to the mausoleum of the knight. In the mean time, his person and advice had made a deep impression, and, in spite of the imperious voice of honour, had driven every idea of her clay cold husband from the widow's mind. He requests admission.—The well-known voice produces in her breast a violent but short-lived struggle of duty and inclination. He enters, and his sight gives to great love a victory complete; a victory, however, not without those reiterated rallies, those exquisite recollections of what we ought, but what we cannot do, which decency, in every sacrifice, seems to demand, and which give an air of dignity and decorum even to defeat. The soldier, with terror in his looks, relates his misfortune, declares himself a lost man, and that disgrace and death will be his inevitable portion. "It would be a pity," replied the fair tenant of the mansion, in a softened tone, "it would be a pity, that so well disposed a man as you appear to be, should miserably perish in the prime of your days; but, alas! what can be done, what can a forlorn, a deserted woman do?" "It was by listening to that voice, and by the fascination of those eyes, that I omitted returning to my post, and would they but look kindly on me," replied the sentinel, gently pressing her reluctant hand, but unable, from the tumult in his own breast, to read the palpa-

ble and significant emanations from her eyes, which pronounced her irrecoverably lost; "would they but look kindly on me," replied the timed, the blind, the infatuated lover, "it would be ample compensation for death in its most terrible shape." "Alas," cried the dame, "where is my widow's vow? Where is the memory, respect, and unremitting sorrow for my departed husband? Ah, remorseless bewitching young man, you have banished them from my breast for ever! Ought I to expect good faith in a second, who have so speedily, (and indeed I blush at my weakness) been taught to forget the obligations due to my first?—Ah, ungrateful soldier, if you deceive me, but I will not believe it possible; I yield to the omnipotence of love, who, like necessity, is the parent of many inventions, and he points out what must be done, to snatch you from a cruel death. The dead body, so lately deposited in this vault, must supply the place of that which has been taken away; there is neither sensation, resentment, hope or fear with the dead. Heaven is my witness, that while I was a wife, nothing was omitted on my part for the solace and comfort of my departed husband." They instantly opened the coffin, and bearing the corpse between them, conveyed the knight from his sumptuous mausoleum, and suspended him on the ignominious tree.

"So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love,
And thus the soldier arm'd with resolution,
Told his soft tale and was a thriving woer."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THREE WEEKS AFTER THE WEDDING.

No. I.

Monday, May 1st.—EVENTFUL epoch in my life. Remembered that exceedingly beautiful remark, "It is not good for man to be alone," so abjured a bachelor's solitude, and took unto myself a wife. "After the ceremony," as the newspapers say, "the happy couple (i. e. Mrs. Higgs and myself,) set off in a chaise and four for Mount Pleasant." Journey throughout delightful; Fanny seated by my side, blest in the possession of her devoted Higgs. Thought I never saw her look so beautiful; Canova's Venus seems modelled from her; the same deep languishing eye, the same clustering profusion of ringlets, the same snowy bosom, the same chastened exuberance of form, the same—Oh! what a fortunate fellow I am.

Tuesday, May 2nd.—Evening. Overwhelmed by the tumultuous giddiness of my thoughts. Felt quite young again, (by-the-by, I am only forty-nine, after all,) and indited the following letter to my friend Tom-

kins:—"Dear Tom, burn your books and marry; marry immediately, my old boy; nothing like matrimony; it is Paradise itself, pure, genuine, and unsophisticated." Read my note to Fanny, imprinted on her soft cheek a husband's tenderest kiss, and sat down to a hot supper.

Wednesday, May 3d.—Indulged in a pensive stroll along the shore, filled even to satiety with those delicious sensibilities, the offsprings of wedded love and virtuous simplicity. Called to my mind, by a natural consequence, the endearing images of Adam and Eve, Baucis and Philemon, Ruth and Boaz, Brutus and Portia, Pyrrha and Deucalion, together with many others, notorious for their connubial attachment. I need scarcely add, that my beloved Fanny accompanied me in this stroll, with her ringlets waving to the wind, and a smile of the most bewitching softness illumining her divine countenance. Enchanting girl! she wants nothing of an angel but the wings.

Thursday, May 4th.—How genuine, how lasting are the delights of domestic life! Study, to which, by-the-by, I am devotedly attached, has its peculiar advantages; but, compared with the impassioned ecstasies of Hymen, it is nothing—absolutely nothing. Thomson and Milton, I remember, both speak with enthusiasm of "wedded love." Gibbon frequently alludes to it as "the most tender of human connexions;" and indeed all authors, who are good for any thing, are loud in its praise. By the Roman law, however, a wife was expressly called a thing, a part of the domestic furniture which might be sold at the caprice of her husband; so that, on making a catalogue of his goods, he might thus enumerate them: "Lot 1.—Four sophas, two tables, three wine-bins, a wife, and a bed-candlestick." Only conceive, a wife, my Fanny for instance, the noblest ornament of social life, placed side by side with a bed-candlestick!

Friday, May 5th.—Of all jokes the most absurd, as I have often said, are those which are launched against women, and wives in particular. For this reason I am resolved, should my darling Fanny ever bless me with pledges of our mutual love, to prevent them learning Latin Grammar, from its observing in one of the rules of Syntax, that "the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, &c. &c." Monstrous violation both of grammar and gratitude!

Saturday, May 6th.—There is nothing in nature so engaging as a sprightly disposition. My adorable Fanny is precisely of this stamp, and mimics my oddities (so she calls them) with the prettiest sportiveness in the world. I have already, at her request, doffed my old black coat with the broad flaps, discarded my brown gaiters, and mounted Wellington boots instead.

Sunday, May 7th.—Read "Pleasures of Hope," and doubled down the page that describes the desolate condition of the bachelor; for instance now:

Ere Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower—
Still slowly past the solitary day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray:
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit sighed, till—woman smiled.

Very beautiful this, and not more beautiful than true. Man is by nature sociable, he droops in solitude, and needs some fond support on which he may lean in his old—I mean, in his riper age. Woman, lovely woman, is this prop. When cares oppress him, her smiles lighten his spirit of its load; when fortune—but I hear the sweet voice of Fanny on the stairs. Beloved girl! I fly on the wings of Hymen to meet thee.

Monday, May 8th.—Walked with my own Fanny along the shore. Promised, at her eager request, to take her to the springs. N. B. it is impossible to deny her any thing. Returned home at 10 o'clock to supper. Opened our cottage-window, which looks out on the river, and watched the sails of the different vessels, tipped with moon-light, and gliding like light shadows along the water. Made a remark to Fanny upon the ineffable power of sentiment. She said "yes," and rung the bell for supper.

Tuesday, May 9th.—Rose at 11 o'clock, and dressed myself, for the first time in a bran new suit, which, at my dear wife's request, has been built after the latest fashion. Showed myself in conscious pride to her at breakfast, but instead of the approbation I expected, she burst out a laughing in my face. Charming little gipsy! I love to see her happy—but there was no occasion to laugh so, for all that.

Wednesday, May 10th.—Took a short walk. Fanny unable to accompany me by reason of a very severe headache. Mem: to ask Dr. Morrha whether headaches are dangerous. Met on my return an old college acquaintance, Jem Baggs. Thought he looked inconceivably wretched; but no wonder, he is a bachelor. Condoled with me on my marriage; an exceedingly rude thing, I think, and what makes it worse, utterly false.

Thursday, May 11th.—Remained at home with Fanny the whole day. Read to her part of an epic poem, which I have lately composed, and in which I intend to set the question for ever at rest, as to whether Brutus was justified in killing Caesar. Finished reading the first book, and turned round to her for her opinion. She was fast asleep. But no wonder, the headache of yesterday has been too much for her. She is naturally delicate.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 21. Vol. III. of *New Series* of the *MIRANDA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Paul Wilmot. The Fortune Hunter.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Customs of the Nesserie, No. II.*

THE DRAMA.—*Punch's Opera, No. II.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Recollections of Nicholas Breakspear.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices.*

LITERATURE.—*Eminent Writers.*

THE GRACES.—*The Female Toper, &c.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Three Weeks After the Wedding, No. II.*

POETRY.—*Original and Selected.*

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

A child in Upper Canada, actually bit by a mad dog, and exhibiting the usual appearances in the sublingual glands, has been perfectly restored, by the careful and repeated application of the lancet, and caustic to the pimples and tumours beneath the tongue.

Dr. Isaac Hiester, of Reading, early in this month, successfully restored a boy of seven years old, who had been blind from infancy, to his sight. The case was one of *congenital cataract*.

The Messrs. Kenricks of Newtown, (Mass.) have melted down between 7 and 8000 pounds of Sugar, and manufactured upwards of 3000 gallons of Currant Wine, the present season, notwithstanding their vintage was considerably shortened by the drought.

The Life of Napoleon, by the author of *Waverly*, is to be comprised in four volumes, besides a preliminary volume, bringing down the history of the French revolution to the day when Napoleon commenced his military career.

MARRIED,

Mr. James Martin to Miss Henrietta Ashley.
Jonathan Little, Esq. to Mrs. Betsey B. Bill.
Mr. John W. Mitchell to Caroline Green.
Mr. Joseph Ridley to Eliza Smith.
Mr. Alexander Main to Amelia Lent.

DIED,

Mr. Michael McDonnell.
Mrs. Mary A. J. Canfield, aged 23 years.
Mrs. Eliza Mott, aged 33 years.
Mrs. Mary Hitchcock, aged 37 years.
Miss Jane Rose.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

CROOKSTOUN CASTLE.

O! 'TIS sweet to stray around Crookstoun gay,
When the sun hangs low and red,
To gaze on the ravages of decay,
And to muse on the days that have passed away,
And the long-forgotten dead.

Not a tread is heard in thy lonely hall,
Nor a groan from thy dungeon deep,
For thy captives are bound in stronger thrall
Than thy roofless tower, and thy mouldering wall,—
In the narrow house they sleep.

Death soils in the dust the plumage and crest
Of the boldest sons of breath,
For who among men this foe may resist,—
Who may e'er in hope set lance in the rest,
Or enter the lists with Death?

Still round thee Levern sweeps and sings
O'er his pebbles as of yore,—
Still o'er its stream the hazel hings,—
Still on its bank the wild rose springs,
The rowman and the hawthorn hoar:

But no yeoman here cuts his arrow-shafts now,
Or hums his rude roundelay,
Where the peasant boy with the sun-burnt brow,
Seek the gray-linn et's nest, from bough to bough,
And wastes the long summer day;

And no lovely maid o'er thy drawbridge strays,
When the western sky is bright,
To tread alone the greenwood maze,
On her own sweet form in the stream to gaze,
And sigh for some absent knight:

For thy knights have approved their knighthood well,
And return with trophies home:
But minstrels their deeds have forgot to tell,
And snow white breasts have ceas'd to swell—
All are crumbling in the tomb.

THE VISION.

One stilly night, while calm I lie
On tapestry of sea-purple dye,
And joyous with my draughts of wine,
To rest my merry soul resign,
On tiptoe tripping light, I seem,
By fiction of an airy dream,
To fly along with rapid pace,
And rival virgins in a race.
Taunts I hear from envious boys,
Who, softer than the god of joys,
Tease me, alas! because I share
The mirthful hours of maids so fair;
But while the lovely girls I chase,
And have them caught in my embrace,
Fond to kiss them in their flight—
The fair ones vanish from my sight.
Awake, forsaken, and distrest,
I wish to sink again to rest.

SONG.

When sunbeams have dispell'd the gloom
That hung on lingering night,—
Around creation's children bloom,
And bask in morning's light:
Oh, thus, sweet maid, your looks can chase
From me each gloomy care;
For while one smile bedecks your face,
I feel life's sunshine there.

When day declines, and shadows spread,
Oh, then 'tis sweet to see
The cloudless moon her splendour shed
On streamlet, tower and tree.
Kind Nature's smile I love to view
At eve or morning fair;
But dearer prize one smile from you;
I feel life's sunshine there.

ANACREONTIC.

If wealth could but extend the span
Of fleeting human life to man,
Then should I hoard the golden store,
Redeem the past, nor riot more,
That Death, if he should e'er come nigh,
Might take a bride and pass me by.
But since 'tis not in mortal power
To buy the being of an hour,
Why do I thus lament and sigh
In vain? for since we all must die,
Where's the profit or the pleasure
To be found in golden treasure?
Then let the happy lot be mine
Still, still to quaff the mellow wine:
And with a draught so sweet, to blend
The sweeter converse of a friend,
And the glorious banquet crown
With Venus, upon beds of down,

DISAPPOINTMENT.

If those dark eyes have gazed on me,
Unconscious of their power—
The glance in secret ecstasy
I've treasur'd many an hour.
If that soft voice a single word
Has breathed for me to hear,
Like heaven's entrancing airs, the chord
Resounded on my ear.
And yet, alas! too well I knew
That love—or hope—was vain,
The fountain whence delight I drew
Would end in yielding pain!
My folly and my peace at once
A moment could destroy;
It bade me every wish renounce,
And broke my dream of joy.

TO HOPE.

Hail! Hope, fair daughter of the skies,
The charm of whose seductive reign
Gives wings to pleasure, as it flies,
And plucks away the thorn from pain:
Lulled on thy bosom to repose,
How sweetly sleep our mortal cares!
And oh! if pleasure be a rose,
Hope is the sweetest bud it bears.

Man's shatter'd bark, thine anchor stays,
Till the rude storm has o'er him blown;
And thy bright star still lends its rays
When fortune, friends, and all are flown:
Tho' frightful darkness gathers round,
Thy light the wanderer's path can cheer;
Nor would hell's self a hell be found,
But that thou never enterest there,

Of love the tenderest nurse confest,
To thee the infant passion clings;
And, fed at thy propitious breast,
With life's invigorating springs,
It finds at length, when quitting thee,
Possession's warmest vow to meet,
Fondled on thy maternal knee,
Its bliss was often more complete.

O! Hope, 'tis thine o'er present ill,
Thy magic ray of light to pour;
And the dark future brighten still,
With pictured scenes of joy in store.
E'en when the soul exhausted yields,
In that last hour when life must cease,
The dream of thine Elysian fields,
Makes death itself a pledge of peace.

STANZAS.

From the Italian.

Love, through a crowd of guards one day,
Gaily pressed to the bower of Beauty;
Reason and Prudence he charmed away,
And cast a veil o'er the eyes of duty;
But one potent rival still remained,
More firm, more watchful than all beside;
And when Love had a glance from beauty gained,
She was quickly checked by the frown of Pride.

Love with a smile his arrows hurled,
Pride scowling bade her to surrender:
Love talked of a sweet and sunny world,
And Pride of a world of state and splendour;
At length Love wove a rosy band,
And woo'd the maid to its flow'ry fold,
While Pride by his side, in stern command,
Held a brilliant chain of burnished gold.

Beauty in praise of Love's roses spoke,
But Pride waved his chain in the sun's bright ray,
She bent her neck to the glittering yoke,
And Love spread his wings and flew away.—
Now she wildly strove her chain to sever,
She called him back, she wept, she sighed,
But all in vain—Love had fled for ever,
And she pines in the tyrant grasp of Pride!

TO * * * * *

WHERE is he, whose beautiful arm
Would twine me like a potent charm,
And keep me safe from every harm,
The rich blue light of whose mild eye
At sorrow's tale is never dry?
Where is the pale, expressive face,
Which looked such love on his loved maid?
Where is the form whose slender grace
Shaded my harp-strings as I played?
Those trembling strings have never known
Chords so harmonious with their own,

As the full tide of feeling, flowing
From our young hearts so purely glowing,
When his soft eyes were upward glancing,
And his mute lips, to heaven advancing,
Breathed not, but wished a tender prayer,
His faith assured him granted there,
For me, for me, those lips and eyes
Performed so sweet a sacrifice;
For me was that fond wish preferred,
For me that tender prayer was heard;
And now, from me though far away,
When night's dun clouds melt into day,
As sorrow's gloom to hope gives way,
His inmost thoughts to me are turning,
His throbbing brain for me is burning!
The same fond wish the same fond prayer,
Though clogged by grief, tortured by care,
Is breathed to Heaven—accepted there!—

EPIGRAMS.

THE PROVERB DISCUSSED.

There's time for all things! it was said
By him who Wisdom plac'd his bliss in:
Then sure, thou coy and cruel maid,
You must allow—a time for kissing.

"Wise Solomon could never err—
There's kissing time, I'll not deny;
But, then, that time (excuse me, Sir!)
Can never come when you are by."

On a Bad Translation.

His work now done, he'll publish it no doubt;
For sure I am that *murder* will come out.

Self-satisfaction.

Jack his own merit sees. This gives him pride;
For he sees more than all the world beside.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—It is immaterial.

PUZZLE II.—He fingers the keys.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Every thing has what a pudding has:—now
what has a pudding.

II.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was?
he replied "what do you do in every thing?"

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